

England's
WITTY and INGENIOUS
JESTER.



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ENGLAND's Witty
AND
INGENIOUS JESTER:

OR, THE
Merry CITIZEN
AND

Jocular Countryman's Delightful
COMPANION.

In Two Parts.

I. A choice collection of the newest and
Wittiest Jests, pleasant Relations, and
smart Repartees.

II. A curious Collection of the newest
Songs, as they are now Sung at Court,
and both the Theatres.

*Read but these witty Jests and you will find,
They'll relish well to an Ingenious Mind:
When with each Glass you may a jest rehearse
Or tell some pleasant Tale, or pretty Verse:
'Twill yield at once delight and profit too,
And that's as much as any one need do.*

By W. W. Gent.

The Seventeenth Edition, with new Additions.

LONDON: Printed for C. Hitch and L.
Hawes, in Paternoster Row; W. John-
ston, in Ludgate Street; T. King, in
Moorfields; S. Crowder, at the Looking
Glass, over against St. Magnus Church,
London Bridge.

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ament.*



Printed for C. H. Smith & Co.
by J. Smith, Stationer,
at the Sign of the Crown,
in the Strand, London.

ENGLAND'S Witty

AND

Ingenious Jester.

Killegrew, the famous Jester to K. Charles II. having been at *Paris* about some Business, went from thence to *Versailles* to see the *French* King's Court; and being known there to several of the Courtiers who had been at the *English* Court, one of them took occasion to tell the *French* King, that *Killegrew* was one of the wittiest men in *England*: Upon which the *French* King desired to see him, which he did. But *Killegrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seeming to be so, spoke but very little; and what little he did speak was so little to the Purpose, that the *French* King told the Nobleman, that had com-

2 England's *Witty and*

mended him for such a wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow; but the nobleman assured the king, that (whatever he thought of him) yet Killegrew was a very witty and ingenious man; whereupon the king was resolved to make a further trial of him, and took him into a great long gallery, where there was abundance of fine pictures, and asked him what such and such pictures were; and amongst the rest shewed him the picture of Christ upon the cross, and asked Killegrew, if he knew what that was? but Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, no. Why said the french king, I'll tell you if you don't know: this is the picture of our Saviour on the cross, and that on the right side of him is the pope's picture, and that on the left is my own. Upon which Killegrew replied, I humbly thank your majesty for the information you have given me; *For tho' I have often heard that our saviour was crucified between two thieves, I never knew who they were before.* Which sharp repartee,

repartee, so very close upon the king, convinced him that Killegrew was a very ingenious and smart man.

A young man an apprentice was saying to his mistress; Madam, at our house we have nothing but love, and where love is, to be sure there is that that is good; why John, said she, why have we nothing but love at our house. I'll tell you madam; *Why I know you love our journey man, and my master loves our maid; and, madam, I love our little sukey.*

The late earl of Rochester, who lived in the reign of king Charles II. who was so well known to be a person of extraordinary ingenuity, that no man that has heard any thing of him will question it, and of which his poems are sufficient evidence: this earl happening one day to wait upon the king, when there was in presence the duke of York, the duke of Monmouth, the duke of Lauderdale, and Dr. Fraiser; who tho' the greatest dunce in the whole college, had yet the honour to be one of the king's physicians. His Majesty being

4 England's *Witty and*

then in a merry Humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him, *Rochester*, I am told you are very good at making Verses *Ex-tempore*. Is it so? The Earl replied, If it please your Majesty, I have made Verses *Ex-tempore* several times. Prithee let us have some of 'em now, said the King? On what Subject would your Majesty have 'em, said the Earl? At which the King, looking about him, answered, on us that are here. I beg your Majesty's pardon, replied *Rochester*, I dare not do it. Dare not, said the King! Why so? for fear I should offend your Majesty, reply'd *Rochester*. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will, and therefore I command you to do it. Nay if your majesty commands it, says *Rochester*, you must be obey'd, thereupon the Earl began thus:

Here's Monmouth the Witty,

And Lauderdale the pretty,

And Frazier that learned Physician,

And above all the rest,

Here's the Duke for a jest,

And the King for a great Politician.

O' my

O' my Conscience, says the King, he has satyrz'd upon us all ! No wonder indeed that you begged my pardon before-hand, for you were resolv'd to stand in need of it.

At another time the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo* (for at sometimes his Majesty wou'd put off the King, when he had a mind to be merry among the noblemen, and then it was free to say any thing) and the word they were to rhyme to was *Lisbon*, they were all at a stand, and none cou'd do't. At last, says the king, we want my Lord Rochester now ; he'd do't presently, if he was but here. Says one of the Lords, I saw him but a while ago go into my Lord Chamberlain's: Upon which one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber then in waiting, was sent to tell him, the King would speak with him presently. And the Gentleman finding my Lord Rochester there, he brought him along with him. When he came into the Pre'ence, says the King Rochester, we have been at *Crambo*, and none of us can make a Rhime to

Lisbon.

6 England's *Witty and*

Lisbon. No, said the earl, that's strange !
and't please your majesty Why, can
you do't, says the king? Yes, Sir, says
the Earl, in a stanza, if your majesty will
grant me your pardon. You're think-
ing of some mischief now, says the king;
and then smiling upon my Lord
Rochester, Well, says he I grant you my
pardon. Upon which, Rochester, taking
a glass of wine in his hand, said,

Here's a health to Kate,

Our sovereign's mate,

Of the royal house of Lisbon ;

But the devil take Hide,

And the bishop beside,

That made her a bone of his bone.

At which the king biting his lips,
frowned upon Rochester, and bid him
be gone.

A woman having the head-ach,
was advised by a friend of her's, if
she laid but a pair of cuckolds bree-
ches under her head but three nights, it
would certainly cure her ; so the wo-
man went all about her neighbour-
hood to borrow a pair ; some of her
neighbours were very much affronted

at

at it, and others laughed at her; so falling into a great passion, well, says she, I see the old proverb is true, *they that go a borrowing, go a sorrowing*; but for the future before I am a fortnight older, I will have a pair of my own, and then I need not be beholding to any of my neighbours.

A company of gossips, that were met to assist at a good woman's labour, after the business was over, fell a chattering together over a cup of good liquor, which relished the better by their eating a slice of gammon of bacon, and a piece of good near's tongue; and it being about the middle of the night, the subject of their discourse was about the walking of spirits, which some affirmed to have seen, other denied, or at least doubted of the appearance of any. But at last the midwife (whose judgement bore a great sway with the rest of the company) delivered her opinion thus: For my part I have gone up and down all hours in the night, and yet thanks be praised I never saw any thing worse

*than my self, tho' o' my conscience I think
I saw the devil once.*

A gentleman riding into an Inn-yard, call'd for the Hostler to set up his horse ; when he had so done, he calls for the Chamberlain to shew him a room, and the same Person comes and shews him his Room ; by and by he calls for the Tapster to bring him up a Tankard of beer, up comes the same Person ; and soon after he calls for the drawer to bring up a Pint of wine, up comes the same Person ; in a little after the gentleman had a mind to see his Landlord, and drink a glass with him ; so calling for his landlord, up comes the same Person ; at which the gentleman smiles, and said, are you my landlord ? Yes, sir, why then Landlord here's to you ; I thank you, sir ; but Landlord, by the way, says the Gentleman, what is it possible that you are Landlord, Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain and Hostler ? Yes, sir, says he, and there is nothing done in this House, but I have a hand in it : That's almost impossible, and very strange : Sir, 'tis no stranger than
true ;

true ; well I cannot have the faith to believe it, and so dismisses him : Says the Gentleman to himself when he was gone, I'll try how true this is presently, and it being about bed-time, he undresses himself and gets on the Table and shuts, and blows the Candle out, throws the Candle and Candlestick on the floor, calls up in haste for his Landlord, and tells him he was very ill, and desir'd him to light his Candle for him, for he could not sleep 'till he had taken a pipe ; where is the candle said the Landlord ? you'll find it on the Table, says the Gentleman, so groping in the Dark, run his hand into the middle of that the Gentleman dropt there from his Posteriors : Dear sir, says he, what have you been doing here ? Nothing : but you know I told you before hand I had not the faith to believe it, but now I see by experience 'tis very true, *That there can be nothing done in this house but you will have a hand in it.*

A gentleman eating some Cheshire Cheese, it being pretty full of Maggots, he takes up several on a knife's Point,

point, and eats them ; now says he to some of his friends, I have destroyed at once, more than ever Sampson did : an arch wag being by, and hearing of him say so, *Ab sir, so you have, and with the same weapon, with the jaw-bone of an ass.*

A young woman in the city of Bristol being with child, was had before mr. mayor to be examined who was the father ; being a pretty bold jade made him this answer,

*Under water as I lay,
I was not drog'n'd, nor cast away,
If I to you the truth must tell,
'Twas water made my belly swell.*

A chaplain belonging to a man of war, being a reading of divine service a-board of his ship that he belonged to, at last came to the collect for peace : The captain was very much affronted at it, but past it over till dinner time ; so the doctor had no sooner sat down to his dinner, and said grace, but the captain fell into a passion with him,
and

and said in a very high manner (doctor) if you pray for peace whilst you are aboard of my ship, I will turn you ashore upon the first land we make ; for I will not have peace prayed for, but war, for when that is at an end, I do not know what will become of us.

A great and famous general falling ill, sent his son upon an expedition that he had a command from his prince to go upon ; his son goes as general in the room of his father, and overcome all his enemies by his great valour and conduct ; so he comes home in triumph to his father, and told him, he had destroyed all his enemies ; his father made answer, and your best friends too ; for now by your doing what you have done, you have ended the war at once ; but if it had been left to my management, I would have made it last this twenty years.

A young maiden coming from Cambridge to London to seek for a service, along with old Hobson the carrier, being upon the road, he among other questions asked her her name, she made

made answer it was Joan; O dear Joan, says he, you'll never get a place in London with such a coarse Name: Why then what shall my name be Mr. Hobson? Your name, says he, shall be Precilla that's a fine name; why then, says she, Precilla let it be: so when arrived at London, she got a place by the help of some of her friends: she had not liv'd there long before the Bishop come to confirm the young persons in the parish; so she goes among the rest to be confirm'd by the bishop; when it came to her turn to be examin'd, the bishop askt her her name, Precilla, sir, said she; who gave you that name? Mr. Hobson, *the Carrier as I came from Cambridge when I first came to London.*

A Lady that had a veneration for the clergy, being then big with Child, resolv'd that if it prov'd a boy, she would make a parson of it. When the time of her delivery came, and she was safely brough to bed, the first Question she ask'd her midwife was, *Whether it was a parson, or not:* but alas to the Lady's great disappointment,
the

the child prov'd of the worser sort ; but the midwife being willing to make the best of it, gave the Lady this answer; *no Madam, it is not a parson, but 'tis as well, for here's a pulpit for a parson to preach in.* With which the Lying-in Lady was very well satisfied.

A grave old gentleman being meditating one morning in Gray's-Inn walks, three or four hot-headed and self conceited gallants seeing him, one that thought himself the wisest, said to the other, Yonder walks such a man in a profound study, let us walk up to him, and you shall see how I'll abuse him. Some of them that were more modest, were unwilling, because of his age, which they thought was not to be exposed : But this gallant goes up to him, and, after a scornful salutation, ask'd him, what idle fancy out of *Homer* he was ruminating on so early? I'll warrant, if you'd let abody know 'tis some maggotty conceit or other, said he. To which the old gentleman answer'd, No truely, not I, I was meditating on the 9th verse of the 39th

Psalms

14 England's Witty and

psalm. What are the words of it, says the gallant? They are these, said the old fopphister:

For all the sins that I have done,

Lord quit me out of band;

And make me not a scorn to fools,

That nothing understand.

At which the hot-headed spark went away, laugh'd at by his companions.

Two country-fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, What news? He answer'd, He knew no other news but that he saw a very great wind last Friday. See a wind, says the other? Yes, fee it replied he again. Prithee, what was it like, said he? Like said the other; *why it was like to blow my house down.*

King Charles II. having had a very fine horse presented him by one of his courtiers, he bid Tom Killegrew see how old he was. Whereupon Killegrew goes to the horse, and turns up his tail, and looks there. Says the king, what do you look there for? You can't

can't tell his age by his tail, I hope
says Killegrew, your majesty would not
have me break an old proverb and look a
gift horse in the mouth,

The same prince, King Charles II.
was a very merciful prince in his own
nature, and very ready to pardon of-
fenders, and extended his clemency to
a great many that were condemned.
The condemned roll being one day
brought to him by the recorder of
London to know his pleasure who should
suffer; several courtiers being present,
interceded some for one, and some for
another, whom he crossed out, till there
was but one left; and then asked, who
spoke for him? But none answering,
O my conscience said the king, *this is
some poor rogue that has got no money,
and so has no friend to speak for him;
well I'll stand his friend myself; and so
struck him out.*

An ignorant country fellow, who
held his farm by a conditional lease
which he had broken, was told by his
landlord, (who had an eye upon a
better tenant) that he must provide
for

for himself for his lease was forfeit. Do you hear, Joan, says he to his wife, landlord says we must be gone, the lease is surfeit ; but I'll go to counsel and ask. Away he goes ; the counsel tells him 'twas true. Ay, says the fellow, what must I do then ? Why your best way (replied the counsel) is to chuse two *abitrators* and an *umpire*, that they may bring it to a *conclusion*. Home he goes ; well, what news, cries Joan ? News, quoth he, I've a trick for my landlord a-faith : But what of the lease says Joan ? *The lease, why the lease is surfeit ; but I must chuse two fornicators and a trumpeter*. Well and what then cries Joan ? *What then, you fool ? why then they'll bring the matter to a confusion*.

A young gentleman having a deaf hostess, used to put many jests upon her ; and one day having invited divers of his friends to dinner, that he might make 'em merry, took a glass of wine, and made signs to the good old woman, that he drank to her, saying, *Here hostess, I will drink to you, and all our Friends, namely, the bawds and*
whores

whores in Turnbull Street. To whom she innocently said, I thank you, Sir, with all my heart, I know you remember your mother, your aunt, and all those good gentlewomen your sisters.

A country-man that lived near Sittinburn in Kent, had a very sickly wife, which had reduced him to a very low condition; and a doctor of great Reputation being come into those parts, his wife perswaded him (who was a very ignorant man) to carry her water to the new-come doctor, and see what his judgement was: accordingly the poor man goes one morning with her water, and being had into the room where the doctor was, 'Good morrow to your worship, sir Confusion,' says he; *Physician* thou wouldst say, says the Doctor. 'Truly, said the countryman, I am no scholar, but a man very ingrum and unrude; but my wife having piss'd in a pot, I have brought it to your doctorship, beseeching you to taste her water. So the doctor took the water, and put it in an urinal, and having view'd it, he said 'My friend, I find thy wife is very weak.

' I found that myself long ago' said the
 country man, ' for I have had a wench
 ' this quarter of a year to lead her up and
 ' down the house ; I did not bring her
 ' water to know that. ' Was you ever with
 any doctor before, said the physician ? yes
 ' sir, said he, with many a one to my cost.
 What did they tell you her distemper was,
 said the doctor ? *truly they told me she's in*
ap'ri'sumption : Contumption, thou should
 say, said the doctor. ' I told you before,
 said the countryman, ' I did not under-
 ' stand your *allegant* speeches, but believe
 ' you speak true enough, for she has well
 ' nigh consum'd all that ever I had. But
 ' does she keep her bed, said the doctor ?
 ' No truly, sir, for being hard put to't for
 ' money, I was fain to sell her bed a fort-
 ' night ago. ' Is not she very *costive*, said
 the doctor ? ' *costly* said the countryman,
 ' your worship's in the right on't there
 ' indeed, for she has cost me all that I
 ' have upon her already. Said the doctor,
 you mistake me, I don't say *costly*, but
costive ; I mean is she loose or bound ?
 ' Indeed sir, she's bound to me during life ;
 ' and I am bound to her too, the more's
 my

'my sorrow.' Ay, but prithee, said the doctor, tell me plainly; how does she go to stool: 'why just as she goes to chair; 'I am fain to have one to lead her. Pshaw, says the doctor, I see thou dost not yet apprehend; I must be plain to make thee understand, how does she go to shit? 'As to that, sir, the same way 'that other folks do, the backward way, 'she hath a free passage behind still. But I mean, says the doctor, is it thick or thin? *O as to that, says he, in the morning it is so thick you may cut it with a knife; and at night 'tis so thin, your worship may eat it with a spoon.*

A confident thief being arraign'd before a judge for felony, after the indictment was read, now, firrah, says the judge, what say you to this? 'say to it, 'my lord, said the thief, I say 'tis a very dirty business; and if I might advise 'your lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle in't. For I am sure if you do, I shall 'get no good b't, nor your lordship neither, for I shall go near to bind the over 'to the peace. For what says the judge? *For making me stand in fear of my life,* said the

the thief. Well, said the judge, all this won't save you ; for if you ben't hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you. ' I thank
 ' your lordship, said the thief, and I hope
 ' you wont be out of the way ; for I'm
 ' sure I shall have occasion for you before a fortnight goes over my head.' Sirrah, reply'd the judge, you're an impudent rogue. ' Not such a rogue as
 ' your lordship----takes me to be, said he. I'll make you join your words closer together, said the judge, before I have done with with you ; and so order'd the witness to be call'd.

A beggar addressing himself to an old usurer, used these words, *Dear Sir, bestow your charity.* To which the usurer, reply'd, I have it not. *Ab!* quoth the beggar, *The more shame for you to have so much money and no charity.*

The French having in a vain glorious boast caused the following verses to be inscrib'd on a marble pillar at Versailles, to tell the greatness of his actions to future ages, viz.

*Una dies Lotheros, Burgundus hebdomas una,
 Una domat Battavos Luna : Quid annum agit ;*
 In

In *Engl sh* thus:

Lorrain a day, a week *Burgundy* won,
Flanders a month: What would a year have
(done?)

Which being seen by the *L. Wilmot*
the ingenious earl of *Rochester*, he pre-
sently writ underneath.

Lorrain you stole, by fraud you got *Burgundy*;
Flanders you bought, and Gad you'll pay for't
(one day)

The said ingenious Earl meeting
one day with a very deformed person,
and one whose conditions were as crook-
ed as his body, was desired by one of
his acquaintance to write a lampoon
upon him, saying he was a very pro-
per subject for it. To whom the earl
presently replied.

There needs no calumny on him be thrown,
Nature hath done the bus'ness of lampoon,
And in his face his character hath shewn,
As clear as when the sun shines forth at noon.

In a certain village in *Normandy* a
poor countryman had killed a hog;
and it being the custom there for the
B neigh.

Neighbours on such occasion to send some parts of it to one another; this poor man had receiv'd so many obligations in that kind, that if he had sent abroad all the pieces of his hog he could not have presented half those to whom he was beholden. So he desired the advice of a friend what to do. His friend advised him to hang his hog so at his Chamber window, that it might seem to be easily taken by Thieves, and in the morning give out that it was stolen, which would certainly prevent their Expectation of any present from him. The Man liked the advice- and accordingly hung out his hog where it might be easily taken. He that gave him the advice failed not to come in the night, and take it away. The next morning missing his Hog, he could not forbear cursing the Invention of his Neighbour, which he had approved the night before. The first he met in the morning was the same Neighbour, to whom he said presently, *Oh neighbour, my hog is stolen. Good, says he, so you ought to say;*
ab,

ah, but, said t'other, *I am in good earnest, 'tis really taken from me. Very well indeed,* quoth his neighbour, *maintain it always thus, and all the world will believe you.* Then he began passionately to swear, and deny that he mocked, but the more he swore, the other told him he acted his part the better; and that was all he got for his Hog.

An old beldam being carried before a Justice for keeping a bawdy house, endeavoured to deny and excuse it. How, Huswife, says the Justice, have you the impudence to deny it? I know you to keep a Bawdy house, and I'll maintain it. At this the old woman mistaken him, took heart and dropping him a curt'sy, *I thank your worship a hundred times,* said she, *I want such good customers and supporters as you to recover my lost Trade, or I shall be ruin'd, as times go.* At this the judge blush'd, and the people laugh'd, yet for the conceit sake he remitted her punishment.

A verger at St. Paul's being tempted by a gentleman with a shilling, to place him in a pew, let him into one;

but the gentleman having no less money, gave him half-a-crown, demanding eighteen pence again; but the verger, being then hurried from pew to pew, return'd him nothing. After sermon the gentleman ask'd for it again. But instead of giving it him, the verger answer'd, *I hope, Sir, you won't demand any of it again; for if you have read the scriptures, you may remember, that the money changers were whipt out of the temple; and if our Reverend Dean shou'd hear I am a money-changer, he would certainly turn me out of my office, which would utterly undo both me and mine.*

A Gentleman riding down a steep hill, and being afraid the foot of it was boggyish, call'd out to a clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the bottom? To whom the fellow reply'd, *Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the bottom, I'll warrant you:* Which encouraged him to ride confidently down the hill; but with 6 or 7 yards stepping, his horse sunk up to the belly in a bog, which made the gentleman
kick

kick and whip, and curse and swear at the fellow; who was still within hearing; to whom he called you country rogue, didn't you tell me it was hard at the bottom? The ditcher answered him, *so I did, and so it is, but you are not at the bottom yet by a great way.*

Some ladies having a petition to present to the speaker of the house of commons, waited at the door for his going in. At last the crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by. Which one of the messengers seeing cried out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back and open to the right and left, that the Members may go in.*

A vintner of London having a fired nose, and lilly white hands, a gentlewoman taking notice of them, said, pray sir, what do you do to your hands to make them look so white, O, madam, said he, *I lay my hand every night between my wife's legs.* I pray sir, said she, *let me advise you to lay your nose there.*

A Gentleman having a delicate Row of Philbert trees, took so much

delight in them, that he desired his wife when he died, that she should lay a bag of his nuts under his head in his coffin; so the Gentlemen dying, his wife put him on a fine holland shirt and wrapt him in a fine holland sheet, and laid a bag of nuts under his head, according to his desire. In the night, at twelve o'Clock, the clerk, after he was buried, goes to take him up, and take the fine holland shirt and sheet that he was put in; but as he was about it, there came a taylor cross the church-yard, and ask'd him, what he did there at that time of night? The clerk ask'd him, where he was going? So the taylor says, if you'll tell me what you are going to do, I will tell you where I am going: But they were to swear secrecy to one another. Well, says the taylor, there is a Gentleman has fix fat weathers in his pen, and I am going to steal one of them. Says the clerk, I am going to take up the Gentlemen I buried to Day, and take off his holland shirt and sheet, and bag of nuts, and I will wrap this old
rotten

rotten Sheet about him. Well, says the Taylor if you come first, stay in the church-porch till I come; and if I have done first, I will stay in the church porch till you come. So when the clerk had made an end of what he was about, he wrapt the winding sheet about him, went into the church porch, and there sat cracking of nuts for the Taylor's coming; but in the mean time comes the sexton to ring the bell, and seeing the clerk in the church porch with the white sheet about him, runs home very much affrighted, and told his wife, That the gentleman that was buried that night with a bag of nuts under his head, was sitting in the white sheet he was buried in, in the church porch, a cracking the nuts that lay under his head. His wife laugh'd at him, and called him fool; and a lame Man that lodg'd at his house told him, If he were able, he would go and ring the bell; for it was no such thing, and it would do him no harm, nor no person else. Well, says the sexton, if you have a mind to see him, I will carry you.

Yes, say the lame man, with all my heart; for I fear no such hobgoblin stories. So the sexton takes him upon his back, and carries him as a butcher carries a calf: So when the sexton came near the church porch, the clerk thinking the taylor was coming with his weather on his back, cried out, *is he fat? is he fat?* The sexton throws down the lame man into the church porch, *There he is take him; for I do not know whether he be fat or lean;* running away as fast as he could, and the cripple after him; insomuch they were both so frightened, that they would never go to the church porch to see the dead man crack nuts in his winding sheet.

Killegrew, the famous jester to one of our late kings, gets five small slips of paper, and writes the word *All* upon each paper, and puts them under the candlestick that stood nearest the place where the king was to sit at supper, leaving one end of one of the papers out; so the king had not been at supper long before he spies the paper, removes the candlestick, takes up the
five

five papers and reads them, calls to Killegrew, How now, *says he*, what do you mean by these five *Alls*? *Ob an't please your Majesty, I humbly beg your pardon, and I will tell you: The first All is, the country hath sent All, the city hath lent All, the court hath spent All; so if we don't mend All, it will be the worse for All.*

Two soldiers at Plymouth, being comrades, the one was a very good husband, and following of his trade, had got a little money by him; the other an idle extravagant fellow. His comrade falling sick, and being very weak, and not likely to live, this rogue one morning very early, for the sake of his money, takes him upon his back, and was a going to bury him; but by chance his captain met them; says the captain how now Jack, what is that you have got on your back so early this morning? Why, my comrade, noble captain. What are you a going to do with him; Why, captain, he is stone dead, and I am a going to bury him. With that the sick man at his back cries out as well as he could, *I am not dead indeed, noble captain.* O says

the fellow, *don't believe him, Captain, don't believe him; for when he was alive, he was the hardenest lyingest rogue in all the whole company, and doubtless he is as bad now he is dead.*

A poor man complaining to a friend of his, in his wife's hearing, that she brought him nothing, *You lie like a rogue,* said she, *I have been married to you ten years, and brought you a child every year, without your help or assistance.*

A wit of the town going home very late one night, or early in the morning, coming to one of the city gates to go thro', he was call'd before the constable, who ask'd him where he was a going, he told the constable, *He could not tell.* Then said the constable, *You shall go to the counter.* *Look you there now,* says the gentleman, *did not I speak the truth at first, for I did not know whether he would suffer me to go home, or send me to prison; for which merry fancy they let him go about his business.*

A very merry blade happening to fall sick, sent for a doctor, an eminent
Friend

friend of his, who when he came, for some reasons best known to himself, put his hand into the bed to feel his patient's feet, which he taking notice of, pull'd 'em up close to him. Said the doctor, Where are your feet? The first man made answer, Good doctor, it is on old proverb, *After Forty, either a fool or a physician*; and I think you are both; *where should my feet be but at the end of my legs?*

A man was telling his wife, It was her fault that his daughter play'd the whore; for she should have lock'd her up. *Lock me no locks*, said she, *the Devil take that key that cannot undo that lock.*

A widow in the city of Bristol desired a busy neighbour of her's to help her to a husband; *Not*, says she, *that I have any desire after the flesh, but purely to look after my estate.* So the woman in a little time afterwards comes to the widow, told her she had got a rare Husband for her, that was very handsome, rich and wise; but, says she, he wants one thing, which you do not at all matter, *Truly*, says the widow, *These*

are

are good Qualifications ; but I had rather he should have that than all them, that if we should happen to fall out, it may make us friends again.

A gentleman courting a lady, she told him, She would not have him, if he wou'd not tye himself from taking tobacco, for she did mortally hate it. To which, he to please her, agreed ; so on the wedding night he lay as still as if he had been dead. With that she ask'd him the reason of his being so ? He told her, That she had obliged him from taking that which made him active in all things, and put vigour and life in him, and without it he was always like a stock or stone. With that, says she, *My dear, you shall have some* : So she call'd up the maid to bring up some good tobacco and pipes ; so when he had taken a pipe, he turned to her and kiss'd her. Then she call'd to the Maid again, *Prithee, Betty, bring up 2 dozen of pipes ;* which she did, so left 'em to their repose.

A very impudent fellow used to go so often to a gentleman's house to dinner, that they grew weary of him, in so much

much that the gentleman seeing him a coming, bid his servants put back his dinner: So this fellow staying there some time, he ask'd one of the servants what time dinner would come up? *Truly Sir*, says the servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a folly for you to stay here.*

A parson in London seeing he and his parishioners could not agree, sought out for a new benefice; so when he had got one, he was willing to preach a farewell sermon to his old parishioners: So the name of the parish was *St. Bennet, Shear Hog*: *Beloved*, says he, *to be plain with you, I'll tell you, That hogs I have found ye, and hogs I'll leave you, but the Devil share you.*

An old gentlewoman pretending to have a greater kindness for her husband than ordinary. To make her husband believe it, she told him, If he died first, she would bury him in such a winding-sheet, which was an extraordinary good one. Her husband was a man who took a great delight in fishing: he being willing to try the kindness of his wife, pretends

tends to be sick and die ; so the old woman supposing her husband to be dead, gets one of her neighbours to help her to lay him out. Says the old woman, neighbour, I must confess I promised the old rogue to bury him in this winding sheet ; but truly neighbour, says she, it is a great deal too good for him ; it will serve myself better, I have a worse will serve his turn : But now I think on't, says she, he lov'd fishing when he was alive, so I hope he does not hate it now he is dead ; there is one of his old fishing nets lies in the yard, I will wrap him up in that : Which when she had done, she invites her neighbours to the burying, and as she follow'd her husband's corps to the grave, she cry'd and took on sadly, as kind loving women used to do, saying very often, *Where is my poor dear husband a going ? Where is my poor dear husband a going ?* He hearing his wife making that sad and pitiful moan, cried out with a loud voice, *A fishing, you whore, a fishing ; for you have put the old net about me ; but I must go home first and fetch some baits.* An

An excise-man seeing of a fellow a fishing, thought to banter him, and asked what he was a fishing for? *Why*, says he, *I am a fishing for the Devil.* What bait have you got? *My book is baited with an excise-man.*

A gentleman that had been a great traveller, sitting in a coffee-house, was telling his friend what he had seen in his travels, amongst the rest of his Relations, he told him, that it was the custom in Italy, that when any Gentleman had courted a lady so far as to gain her favour to be marry'd to him; before the nuptial rights can be perform'd, he must strip stark naked, and set upon a bull, that is done all over with pitch and tar, rosin and bees-wax. These combustibles being set a fire after the bull is tied to the stake, he must ride three times round the bull's ring, or else he must lose his lady. An arch wag hearing him, said, *Sir, I hope a man need not be very cautious of rehearsing this relation after you, provided you are along with me to justify the truth on't.* Why sirrah, do you think it is a lye?

Why

Faith, Sir, to be plain with you, 'tis impossible for me to think any otherwise.

A boy having committed a fault, his father went to correct him, but he run away and his father could not overtake him; he commanded him to stand still till he came to him. I will not, says the boy, you'l beat me. I'll not beat you, says his father, O, but you will beat me. I tell you I will not. *Swear, father, swear.* So to oblige his son, the old man swore. *O father,* says the boy, *they that will swear will lye, therefore I will not trust you.*

Some gentlemen being a drinking, a wench came up to wait upon them, she being not enough, in anger they knock'd for more. The master of the house coming up, ask'd them what they call'd for? They said, Can we have no more attendance but one whore? Have you no more whores in the house than this? *Yes, yes,* says he, *have a little patience, I will send you my own wife presently and two or three of my daughters.*

One a galloping over some plough'd Lands, meeting a Country Fellow,
ask'd

ask'd him, If this was the way to Tame? Yes, says he, *to tame your horse, if he was as wild as the Devil.*

A country maid riding to market upon a dull mare, a gentleman overtaking of her, says, Fair maid let me occupy thee a little. Pray, sir, says she, *what good will it do me!* Why, it will make you brisk and lively. Pray, Sir, *be so kind as to occupy my Mare a little, for she is very dull.*

A Welchman begging upon the road came to a farm-house, where they fill'd his belly with whey, that it made his guts to ake: Hur prays to St. Davy for comfort; an owl being at roost in the barn, as he held up his head a praying, the owl hit just in his mouth. *O thank good St. Davy, for he desired but a drop, but he hath given me a mouthful.*

A man sent his bill unto a friend of his for some money; but the person sent word by the messenger, That he was not running away: But by and by he sent him again for the money: Says he Did you not tell him, I said I was not running away? Yes, Sir, says he, I did; and

and he bid me tell you again, *If you was not, he was, and would willingly have his Money with him.*

A parson preaching to his auditory, that they must take up the cross, and follow him; which an arch fellow hearing, went just before the parson had done, and fetch'd his wife upon his back and waited at the church-door for the parson's coming out; so when he came, the fellow with his wife at his back, followed him home: Well, friend says the parson, What do you mean by all this? Why, Sir, says he, did you not bid me when you was in the pulpit, Take up my cross and follow you? And I have done as you directed me. Ah! but says the parson, this is not the cross that I meant. *Ah! but* says the fellow, *it is the only cross that I have; and I have been plagued with her long enough already, and I do not desire to be troubled with her any more.*

A gentleman and his servant riding through a great water, the Gentleman's horse happen'd to stumble and throw him; so his horse fell a drink.

drinking, which made his man laugh heartily, insomuch that his master was angry with him, and ask'd him why he laugh'd at him, *No I beg your pardon, Sir, says he, I dont laugh at you, but laugh to see your horse cannot drink without a toast this cold morning.*

A farmer, after his harvest was all in, as is the usual custom, he invites all his harvest people to drink, for whom he provided very nobly, as beef, mutton, veal, fowl, and among the rest pease and artichoaks; so he bid them all welcome, and fall to and eat, so one fellow, above the rest cut an artichoke quite through the middle, and put a good bit into his mouth; and the choak of the artichok being forgot to be taken off, stuck so in his throat, that he fell a kecking to get it up or down: One of the servants seeing of him, told him, That should have been the last dish, eaten. Truly, says he, *I doubt it will be the last that ever I shall eat as long as I live.*

A mad swearing fellow was had before a justice of peace for swearing; so the justice ask'd his accusers, How many

many oaths he had swore? They made answer, Two: Well, says the fellow, what is it an oath? Twelve pence an oath, and you must pay two shillings. Well, and what is it a curse? Why six-pence: Then says the fellow, *A pox take you all for a parcel of rogues, there's half a crown, I will never stand changing of money.*

A gentleman having a very rich favour in his hat, several Ladies seeing of it, took a liking to it, and would have got it if they could, without begging; so one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine favour in your hat; and so they said all, Pray, Madam, says he to the first, and do you like it? Yes, indeed, sir, says she, very well. *Why, says he, if you had not liked it, I would have thrown it in the fire immediately, but seeing that you do, I promise I like it so much the better, and am resolved to keep it for your sake.*

A mad sort of a spark, in a bitter cold frosty night, went up and down the city, and could get no Lodging.—Some persons did not know him, and others its like knew him too well; at
last

last he bethought himself of this trick :
He goes to the watch at Ludgate, and
abused the constable and all the watch
calling them a thousand rogues, and all
the hard names he could think of, for
which they had him to the counter ; so
the next day he was brought before the
alderman of the ward, who said to him,
friend, you look very much like a gen-
tleman, I wonder you should be so un-
civil, to abuse the constable and watch
to that degree you did, and that with-
out cause. Truly, sir, I'll tell you the
truth ; thus it was. I had gone all a-
bout the city to see for a lodging, and
could get none, till I came to these
civil gentlemen, and I thank them for
it, they had me to the counter, where
I had a good fowl, good drink, and
a good bed ; for which Kindness I do
here freely and heartily give them a
crown ; for if they had not taken that
care of me, I must have lain in the
streets all that night, and, it may be have
catched my death, which I'll assure
you, was the only cause, and nothing
else ; for which pretty fancy the al-
derman

42 England's *Witty and*

derman order'd them to let him go about his business.

Some neighbours being merry together, that dwelt all on one side of a street; one of the men said, They say we are all cuckolds but one who live on this side of the way: Here upon his wife seem'd to be in a brown study: How now wife, says he, why so sad? *Nay, nay, Husband, I am not sad, but truly I am breaking my brains to think who it is of our side of the way that is not a cuckold.*

A very fat gentleman riding thro' a town, some of the ruder sort of the town fell a jeering of him, and told him that he carried his portmantle before, when it should be behind, meaning his very fat belly. O says the Gentleman, *I always carry it before me, but especially when I ride thro' a town where there is nothing but rogues, whores and pick-pockets.*

A person telling his Friend that he wonder'd he could stay so long in the country from his wife, and she so pretty a woman as she was, might want

due

due benevolence. That's nothing, says he, when I go home I will give her the principle with the use. Sir, put the case, any man owes you thirty pounds, would you not rather have it all together, than a shilling at a time. It's true, said the other, one had better take all one's money together; but by the way let me tell you, It would vex you if your wife should want a shilling, and be forced to borrow it of her neighbour.

A jocose woman had invited a friend of her's to dinner, whom she had several times out witted, having a pig for dinner, she asked him if he loved pig, and whether she should get him some? *I thank you mistress,* says he, *I love nothing that comes from a Sow.*

A taylor carrying in a bill to an Apothecary that was his customer, the Apothecary was just going to eat a mess of broth for his breakfast as the taylor come in: so the apothecary told him he had no money at present for him, but if he would eat a mess of broth with him he should be welcome; for which the taylor thank'd him: So he

he calls the maid to bring the taylor a mess. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting room, and began to handle his shears; but he had not been there past an hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his bodkin than his shears: So he calls up his wife; and as the pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a Kiss sent her down about her Business till further orders: In half an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she ask'd him, How he came to be so vigorous and game some, because he did not use to be so; with that he up and told her, He ask'd the apothecary for Money, but he told me he had no money, but he would give me a mess of pottage, which has wrought these wonderful effects upon me. *Oh, good husband,* says she, *it may be the apothecary wants money? I prithee, my cock, if thou lovest thy own dear wife, take all thy money out in that broth, for it is of a wonderful operation.* Some

Some persons being at dinner at a neighbour's house at *Christmas* time, amongst other merry Discourse the woman of the House ask'd one at table, How many children he had?

Why truly, neighbour, my wife hath ten.

O fie, says she, these men are always raising causeless suspicions of us poor harmless Women, (and why could you not said you had ten?) *Why wife* says her husband, *be hath spoken very wisely, I think; for if he had told you how many children he has had, it might have been to his shame; therefore he only tells you how many his wife has.*

A very pretty gentlewoman was a complaining to a friend of her's; that her husband was the unkindest man in the whole world. Is he so, said he? Then truly I would advise you to make him a cuckold. *I can't Sir, but you may if you please.*

Two persons walking together to take the air in the fields, says the one to the other, yonder is an horse and an ass; if you was obliged to be a beast, which of these two would you be? *Why a Horse, being a nobler*

Creature. O, says the other, I would chuse rather to be an ass: So the other asked his reason for it. *Why* says he, *I have often seen an ass ride the greatest Horse, and chosen a justice of Peace, and been knighted; but I never knew any Horse capable of those Preferments.*

On a terrible windy Day a doctor comes to *Billingsgate*, calls for a Boat to go to *Greenwich*; so when the Waterman came to the doctor, the doctor asked him he if could go safe by Water to *Greenwich*? yes, doctor, quoth the Waterman, you may safe enough I'll warrant you. You rogue, says the doctor, you watermen are such unconscionable rascals, so that if you can get but six-pence, you don't care if you cast a man away. Sir, *we watermen are persons of better consciences than you Doctors are; for you will not cast a man away under Forty, Fifty, or Three-score pounds.*

One meeting of his Godson, asked him, where he was a going? To School, Sir, says the Boy: That is well done says he, here is six pence for thee, be a good boy; *And I hope*

shall live to bear thee preach my funeral sermon.

A sea captain, being just come ashore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a Hunting Match. After the Sport was over, he gave his Friends this particular Account of what Pastime he had : Our Horses being completely rigged we manned them, and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in Company, away we set over the Downs. In the time of half a Watch we spied a hare under a full gale, we tack'd and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but as the devil would have it, just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much Wind, I and my horse overset, and came Keel upward.

A bishop going his visitation, coming to a town where they had newly built the steeple, and had put their bells to be new cast, asked one of the town in a great rage, why the bells did not ring? Have you no bells in

the steeple? No, says the fellow. Why, says the bishop, don't you sell your steeple? Why so my lord? Because you make no use of it. Truly my lord, *we had better by half sell something that is in the church.* What's that says the Bishop; *Why, my lord, it is the pulpit; for I will assure your lordship, we have not had a sermon preach'd in it since I was born, nor I believe, will ever be whilst I live; but I am sure we shall have our bells very suddenly.*

A gentleman having been some time in the country, his occasions called him home in haste, he rid post; being in bed with his wife, he began to excuse himself from doing that she expected, saying that riding post had tired him, and he must needs beg her excuse. The next day he takes his wife by the hand, and leads her out into his garden, and there he sees a cock he took much delight in, as it were droop and hang down his head, and take no notice of the Hens his wives. Says he to his wife, What is the reason my cock takes no notice of the hens? *I don't know, husband, unless he has rid post lately.* A

A gentleman enquiring the way to Coventry, a bumpkin standing at his Door ask'd him, From whence he came? What's that to you, says the Gentleman? Nay, you are in the right on't, it is nothing to me from whence you come, nor whether you are going; so shut the door upon the gentleman, and would not direct him.

A gentleman a little in years was persuaded by a friend of his to marry one that was a great whore, because she had a great quantity of money, alledging she might turn. Turn, says the gentleman, *she has been so much worn, that she is past turning.*

One ask'd an extravagant young spark, why he would sell all his land? He said, *Because he was taking his journey towards heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the earth.*

Oliver riding in his coach on a very rainy day, Hugh Peters was riding a horse-back by him: Says Oliver, Peters, *I'll lend you my coat.* Please you, Sir, says he, *I would not be in your coat for a thousand pounds.*

Some gentleman seeing a fellow stand

stand still, and it rained very fast, they asked him, why he stood still in the Rain? *why*, says he, *you do not think I am such a Fool as to ride in the Rain as you do.*

Several young gentlewomen coming to make their Confession to a Father Confessor, that they might be absolved by him, they spake all with a very low voice mumbling their words through their teeth, not opening their mouths at all, that the Priest could hardly understand a Word they said, which put the priest in such a Passion, that he told them, *when they were at the tavern with their gallants, they would open their legs and tails wide enough, Although now they would not open their mouths to confess it;* so sent them away without their pardons.

Some great persons being a masquerading, a gentleman walking a little more stradling than usual, a lady took notice of it, thinking to put a Joke upon him, said, Sir, *Take care you do not hurt your self by stradling so wide, I wonder what ails you,* To which he presently replied *Truly, Madam, if you had*

bad that between your Legs that I have between mine, it would make you straddle a great deal wider.

One of our late Queens having a mind to ride a journey in rainy Weather on Horse back, her ladies of Honour could not persuade her from it; so they set Clod, her Jester, to laugh her out of so inconvenient a Journey: There happened at the same time to be a Bishop and a Doctor in the Queen's Presence. He performed it in this manner. *Heaven, quoth he, madam, begs of you not to go this journey, because it is cold and wet; and earth begs of you not to go, because it is very dirty; but yet Madam, if this heavenly minded man, the bishop, nor I that is earth, Clod your Fool, can't prevail with you, here is one that is neither Heaven nor Earth, but bangs between both (the Doctor) let him prevail upon your majesty:* Which made the queen and the rest of the courtiers laugh heartily, whilst the doctor withdrew himself, and went home, and died with conceit at the jest that was put upon him.

One was a boasting, that there was

not one of his name in all England; with that a person made answer, *Sir, I am sorry there is not one honest man of your name.*

A person was saying, that Bishop Ridley was a very odd man: *Ay indeed so he was to the Romish party, for they could never find one to match him, either in religion or learning,* says another.

Upon the happy return of King Charles II. one Parson Bull, who had loyally and learnedly maintain'd his majesty's rights, the king gave him a grant for a very considerable benefice; but before the patent was sealed, my Lord Chancellor Hide had disposed of it to another person: So the parson, having spent all his money, put his hand into his pocket, and finding nothing but the king's Grant, with his hand to it, went boldly to his majesty, and told him, he had lost all his money out of his pocket, and he found none but his majesty's hand in it. The king smil'd, and ask'd him, if his business was not done? He reply'd, No: Thereupon he was immediately recommended to Chancellor Hide, for
the

the putting of him into business. Says the Chancellor, knowing him to be a wit, What's your name? *Bull*, says the Parson. Where are your horns, says my Lord? *Please your Lordship*, reply'd the parson, *the horns always go along with the Hide.*

King James, with some of his nobles riding a hunting, lost their way in a forest, where being very hungry, they came to a house by the forest side: The King ask'd the Woman what victuals she had? The good wife told him, good beef and pudding. Bring it hither, says the King; so she set it before the King and his nobles, and they eat very heartily, and paid the woman for it, and so rid away. By the road-side, some distance from the house, a ragged boy presents himself, scraping with his leg, bare-headed, which was scald and thick scabs upon it. Sirrah, says one of the Lords, cover your head; have you never a cap? Where do you live? *in yonder little house*, says the boy, pointing to the house where the King and his nobles had just dined; *I had a cap on*

after.

Yesterday, but Mother to Day made a pudding-bag of it. Quoth the King, It did me no harm in the eating it; it shall do me as little in thinking of it; come put on, and let us jog it down: But it stirr'd the stomachs of some of his train.

Some persons pleading their Cause before the lord Chancellor, and shewing, as it were the boundaries and limits of their Land: The counsel on one side said, we lie on this side, my Lord; and the counsel on the other part said, we lie on this side: The L. Chancellor said, *if you lie on both sides, pray which side would you have me believe.*

A great person happening to die very much in debt, one cries, he hath 500l. of mine with him, and 400l. of mine with him. Oh, says another, and almost as much of mine with him; which one standing by hearing, said, *I see altho' a man cannot carry any thing of his own with him when he goes out of the world, he can carry a great deal of another Body's.*

A country fellow being at the affi-

zes, and seeing the prisoners hold up their hands, told some of his Acquaintance, *That the Judges were very good fortune-tellers, for if they did but look upon a man's hand, they can tell whether he shall live or die presently.*

Two Friends meeting, one being very glad to see the other, *Do you hear, Sir, says he, between you and I, my wife is with child. Faith, says the other, you are a lying rogue, for I have not seen your wife this Twelvemonth.*

One was asking another what was the greatest wonder in the World? *Why, says he, Womens and Lawyers Tongues for they always lie, yet never Lie still.*

A brisk spark meeting of a lively Lady, with her naked breast appearing very tempting, says to her, *Madam, is that Flesh to be sold? No, reply'd she, No money shall buy it. Then, madam, says he, if you will not sell your ware, pray shut up your shop. Faith, sir, says she, I will be sure never to let you come within my Door. No matter, reply'd he, whether I do or no, for they are very dark ones.*

A young wench who had taken a dram of the bottle, went with her water to the doctor. He told her the baker had been too busy with her, and left a penny loaf in her belly. *No Sir, you are greatly mistaken, for it was my father's man.*

An English man and his wife (who was with child) lodged at a French man's House, were they could not understand one another. It happen'd one night, the English man's wife cry'd out, and wanted a midwife, and he came down in his shirt to his Landlord's chamber to tell them of it: Says the Woman to her husband, Let the English man come to bed, you being in bed with me need fear nothing, So he granted it, and he lay down on the other side of the woman; and when the French Man was fast a sleep, they got to it, and the jogging of the bed waked her husband, *What a plague are you a doing? Why, what would you have me do? if I should speak to him, it would be to no end, for he does not understand a word of our language.*

A loose sort of a fellow was had before

fore a justice for calling a Woman whore: The Justice ask'd him why he call'd her so? He said, Because he knew her to be a whore, and she was his whore, for he had lain with her above forty times: O, an't please your worship, he is a great lyar, and don't believe him, for he never lay with me above four times in his Life, like a rogue as he is, and he promised to give me half a crown a time, but he never gave me a Farthing. Why did you not ask him for it, said the justice? Please your worship, I ask'd him for it above an hundred times: Nay, I call'd him rogue too, because he would not pay me. Why, says the Justice, do you believe he is a rogue? yes an't please your Worship, he is a very Rogue. *Nay then,* says the Justice *'tis pity a Rogue and Whore should be parted;* so sent them both to Bridewell to have the Lash for Company.

A young woman nineteen Weeks after she was married, was brought to bed of a fine boy: How now, Wife, says her husband, methinks this is something too early. No, Husband, you

you mistake, we only married a little too late. O did we so says he, then if ever we marry again, we will marry sooner for this trick. But, Husband, you are ignorant of women going with Child, for we go twenty Weeks by Day, and twenty by night, and I came but a fortnight too soon. Well, says her Husband, then I am content.

A drunken fellow being late out, his wife sent her man for him, whom he found was so far gone, that he was scarce able to stand; but as they were coming home, it being a clear moonlight night, he saw the Shadow of the White Hart sign post upon the Ground in *Bishopsgate Street*, which he took for a Log, and went to step over it; the Apprentice having him by the Arm, to keep him from falling, asked him why he did so? Why, says he, to step over the log. He said, it was not a log. What is it then, said the master? why sir, says the boy, it is a sign. What sign is it? why master it is a sign you are drunk.

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the

the miller looking out of a little Wick-
et seeing them, asked them what they
would have, and what they stared at?
Why says one of them, we are look-
ing at this Thing; I pray what is it?
Why, says the Miller don't you see?
Where are your eyes? It is a Wind-
mill. *We crave your mercy, Sir, says*
the Scholar, we took it for a Jail, see-
ing a thief look out of the window.

A gentlewoman being on horseback,
and having a Hole in her dust Gown,
a country fellow seeing it, says, Mis-
tress, Mistress, you have got a Hole
in your arse. *I know that, says she,*
and you may come and put your nose in it.

A merry fellow being in Bed with
his wife, let a rousing fart: hearing
his wife laugh, he said to her, In truth
wife you have but a small cause to be so
merry, for if this wind holds, we are
like to have very foul weather. He
falling asleep, she raised her arse to his
Neck, and piss'd very plentifully upon
him; so that it run down his Back to
his heels: He awaking, says what a
pox Wife are you doing? *No Harm,*
Husband, what I did was to prevent that
terri-

terrible storm you said might come : for they say a little rain will allay a great wind.

A young man newly married to a brisk lass, being in bed the first night, he let a thundering fart ; his new bed-fellow was very angry with him, and asked him why he was so nasty ; alas my dear, says he, when a fortress is besieging, the cannons must roar in making a breach. *by my faith, husband, you need not put yourself to this trouble, for the breach was made long since by my father's journeyman.*

A gentleman was very urgent with his maid to let him lie with her, but she denied him with only saying, he would hurt her, : he told her, no, not for all the world. She said, if he did, she would cry out. After he had jerked her pissing hole for her, now, says he, *did I hurt you ? well, or did I cry out* says she.

A journey-man shoe-maker having a kindness for his mistress, his master being out of town, he importunes her to let him lie with her : but she said no, altho but faintly. When night came,

came, he gets into his mistress's bed first before she came, and draws the curtains close about him: she knowing nothing, undrest and gets into bed where being got, she felt something stir; who is there, said she? 'Tis I mistress, says he, peace. O you damn'd rogue, you devil, you dog, how dare you offer such a thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you don't be angry with me, and I will be gone, nay, says she, *you did not bid me bid you begone; now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another thing, I protest, as I am an honest woman, I will tell your master.*

A shoe-maker thought to mock a collier, seeing him all black, says, What news from hell, how fares the devil? Says the collier, *The devil was just riding forth as I came hither, and wants but a shoe-maker to pull on his boots.*

A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would scorn to have defiled his bed so. *Truly, sir, you are very much mistaken,*

for

for there was no defiling the bed in the case, for it was done in the fields.

Hugh Peters once would preach in a Corporation; the mayor sought to oppose him; but by the intercession of some he was admitted; where, to be even with the Mayor, in his Prayer, after he had made a long intercession for Oliver and the rest of his patrons, he proceeded to the Mayor (who by his Trade was a Butcher) in these Words: *Lord thou hast likewise commanded us to pray for our Enemies, therein we beseech thee for the Right worshipful the mayor and his brethren, Grant he may knock down Sin like an Ox, and quarter Iniquity like a fatted calf, and that his Horn may be exalted above his Brethren*

A boy once upon a time asked his Grand-mother for some bread and butter. She told him, she would give him none. Grand-mother, says he, here is the Cat, and you, and I, a Pox take one of us. What says she, do you curse my Cat; No, says he, Do you curse me then? *You may be sure I don't curse myself.*

A woman that had a very witty young

young Maiden to her Daughter, sent her with six Pounds at *Michaelmas*, a Year's Rent, to her Landlord; he being a brisk batchelor, and devoting himself to *Venus's* Game, and seeing the Girl very handsome, took a great Liking to her, insomuch that he overpersuaded her to let him lie with her, which he did, and got her with Child, which he maintained. A while afterwards this blade hearing of a brisk young heirefs, courted her to be married to him, to which she easily condescended. Upon the Day that they were to be married, the other he got with Child, came to Church with her child in her Arms; and when they were at Church she would play with and dandle the Child, sometimes looking upon the Landlord, and sometimes upon the Child; which the young woman he was going to be married to observing, told him plainly, she would not be married to him till he had given her Satisfaction concerning that Woman and Child. He seem'd to evade, and as loth to tell her, but she being urgent, he told her, If she would
promise

promise not to be angry, he would tell her. She said, she would not; when then says he, thus it is, I got her with child, and that is the Child in her arms. O saith she, *is that all?* That is a small matter indeed, not worth the taking notice of; I had one a twelvemonth ago by a Londoner that lay at my father's house. Say you so, says he, then I will have a whore of my own making before one of another body's; and so called the woman to him with the Child in her arms, and was married to her immediately.

An ancient gentleman being to swear in a cause before the judge, the judge gave him the caution to have a care what he swore to, and see it was nothing but the truth; for if he forswore himself, he told him he must expect to go to the devil. Truly, my lord, said he, I hope the devil will have nothing to do with me; for I have given him my eldest son already, and I nope he'll be contented; for I think one out of a family is very fair. Then the judge bid him explain himself more clearly: *Why truly,*

My Lord saith he, I have made my son a lawyer, and I believe all of that profession to go to the devil, or he comes for them: For of the devil himself you know it is said, that he has been a lawyer from the beginning. A liar, you mean, says the judge, why says he, a liar and a lawyer is all one, I hope, or else we are all mistaken in our opinions.

A great gamester having played a very considerable Estate away at Bowls, at last sold what pewter he had upon his shelves, and about the house, and went to bowls with the Money. His wife missing her pewter off her shelf, and judging which way it was gone, or going, run out in a great rage after her husband to the bowling Green. When she came to the Pails, she looked through to see whether he was there; and as she looked through the hole, he was just a bowling, and cried, *rub, rub, rub, rub*: She hearing and seeing of him at it, cries out in a great Passion, O the devil rub you for a great rogue; for I am sure you have rub'd all the pewter off my shelf this morning.

66 England's *Witty and*

A man in *Flanders* dream'd one Night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his Wife, especially in that point. 'Well, says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself.' This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his Wife's coming, the Priest went and told her the intrigue, and her Husband was to take her Confession, So when she comes to him, after many simple questions that he ask'd her, she confess'd to him, *That she had only lain with three men, that was a young man, an old man, and a friar*; so he came home, as he thought undiscover'd. As he was at Work he would often be crying, *The young man, the old man and the friar*. Troth, Husband, I believe the priest has told what I confess'd to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so; 'I lay with a young man, an old man, and a friar; and yet, husband, these three are but one; for I lay with you when you

were

‘were a young man, and now I lie with
‘you now you are an old man, and are
‘not you the fryer which I made my con-
‘fession to? Therefore all these three were
‘only you, my dear husband.’ Is it so,
my honest and chaste wife? Well, by
my faith, thou hast given me such a
great satisfaction in point of thy honesty,
that I should be both fool and knave to
question it any more.

A very extravagant Fellow being
married to a witty young Woman,
being a good Housewife and Shrew, had
but one Child about four Months old,
which he lov’d extremely well; she
would as often tell him of it, and would
tell him, that if he did not leave off
his drunkenness, she would fling the
child into the pond, with which she
often threatned him: He followed his
old Custom of Drunkeness. One
Night she hearing of it a little before-
hand, when she thought he was upon
coming home, sent the maid with the
Child to a neighbour’s house, and pins
up a Cat in a Blanket, and put it into
the cradle. When he came home, she
began to fill his Ears with Thunder,
and

68 England's *Witty and*

and told him I have often threatned you to throw the Child into the pond, before it should live to be miserable with you; but now I will do it, takes up the cat out of the cradle in a great rage, and hastily runs to the Pond, and throws it in: He runs after her, 'Good dear wife, save my child, pray ' dear wife save my child. You may go and save it your self, if you will have it saved, for I have thrown it in. With that, thinking the child had been in the pond indeed, he runs into the pond up to his neck, and shoulders to fetch it out, and brings it up to the fire-side, crying and raving like a mad-man, 'O my poor child!' but unpinning the blanket, away run *Puss*, which made his wife laugh heartily, and him a good husband for the future. So she warm'd his bed, gave him something that was comfortable and good, put him on a dry shirt, sent for the child home, and so went to bed together very good friends.

A Gentleman being more precise than ordinary, he happened to have a servant that was a great Gamester at
Cards

cards, inso much that one of his fellow-servants told his master of it; so his master took him to task, and said, He was informed that he was a great gamester at cards. Says his servant, Sir, I am so far from being a card-player, that I do not know what a pack of cards mean. No, says his master, pray search him; which they did, and found a pack. What are these, says his Master? *Why, sir, this is my almanack, which I always carry about me.* Pray, says his master, how can this be your almanack? Why thus, said his man, *There are in these things you call cards four suits, which puts me in mind of the four quarters of the year; and there are as many cards as there are weeks in the year; and as many court-cards as months in the year; and as many spots as there are days in the year.* And is that all the use you make of them, said his master? No, says he, *I make more use of them; for when I look upon the King, it puts me in mind of the allegiance I owe my sovereign Lord the King; looking upon the Queen, it puts me in mind of the allegiance I owe to the Queen, the ten puts me*

in mind of the ten commandments; the nine of the nine muses; the eight of the eight altitudes; the seven of the seven Liberal Sciences; the six of the six days in the week that we ought to work; the five of the five senses; the Four of the four evangelists; the three of the Holy trinity; the two of the two sacraments; the age, that we ought to worship but one God. Then says his Master, if this be all the use you make with them, I can find no cause to be angry with you: But, says his master, you have quite forgot one Card? What is that, Sir? Why the knave; and what Use do you make of him; *Oh! that, Sir, says he, when I see him, put's me in mind of your worship's informer.*

An unlucky Rogue in Smithfield, being a crying for some Misfortune that befel him, an old woman coming by, and seeing him, ask'd him what he cry'd for? Nothing, says he, but my father is gone this morning the same way to his End that your Husband went. Which way was that Sirrah? *why, he has just now took shipping at Newgate, sail'd by the River*

Hol-

Holborn, *struck against the rock at St. Gile's, and was cast away at Tyburn.*

A young Gentleman making Love to a young lady, her father coming to hear of it, he was so averſe to it that he forwarn'd the Gentleman for ever coming to his Houſe. Whereupon the Gentleman got the young Lady abroad, and as they were walking in the fields together, ſays the gentleman to the Lady, *Pray, madam, do me one favour? That I will,* ſays ſhe, *what is it?* Thereupon pulls out a Knife out of his Pocket, and cuts a hole in the ground; *Now,* ſays he, *pray do me the favour, as to p--- in it;* which the pretty heart did very plentifully. So when ſhe had done, he with his Cane paid the Hole ſhe p---d in very ſeverely. Then they return'd home to her father's, where being come, he told her father in a very high manner, *Now you may take your Daughter, and do what you pleaſe with her, for I will not have her if you would let me; for I have paid her p---ing Hole for her:* Which the old man hearing, thinking he had made a whore of his daughter, begg'd of the

Gentleman to have her, promising him for his encouragement, three or four hundred pounds more with her than he designed for her.

A gentleman coming by Maidstone Jail, seeing an old acquaintance of his there, said, How now, Tom, how camest thou here? *Faith, faith he, a blind man might have found the way hither, for I was led between Two, and they would suffer me to go no other way.*

A great gamester one Saturday night was at the Temple gaming with four or five Lords, and having very great fortune, won all their money they had about them. Some beggars being below at the door, hearing what fortune such a one had, waited for his coming down: When he came, they begged alms of him; he bad them come along with him. So he had 'em to a cook's shop without Temple Bar, and there he order'd the cook to give them what they would eat and drink; and some being very naked, he gave them money to buy cloaths. When he had done, as he was going home, he met one of his old acquaintance, who

who ask'd him, Where he had been? *Why, faith, Tom, says he, I have been fulfilling the commandment.* How, said the other? *Yes, I have, said he, for I have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and the rich I have sent empty away.*

An old Woman being under a hedge doing her necessary occasions, there came two men riding along: One of them seeing her, said to the other, I will lay you a Guinea the old woman will look back when she has done. Done said the other. So when the old woman had done, she look'd back. Well, said the Gentleman, you have lost. I have, said the other; but I will ask the old woman why she look'd back? So riding up to the old woman, said the gentleman that had lost the wager, So old mother, I see you have been emptying your self. Sir, said she, *you see more with your eyes, than you can carry away with your mouth.* But, said he, why did you look back? *why, sir, said she, seeing of you coming, I looked to see whether there was enough for you both.*

A person coming to London out of

the country, riding along by Charing-Cross, his Horse stumbled, and threw him; which an arch Jade, seeing, fell a laughing. The gentleman being affronted said, It is no wonder for my Horse to stumble when he sees a whore. *Is it not, Sir,* said she, *why then as a Friend, I would advise you to ride no further; for if you do, you may chance to break your Neck.*

A very ingenious man was walking along *Cheapside*, which a hectoring Blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, he did not use to give every saucy Jackanapes the Wall. Whereunto the Gentleman smartly reply'd, *But I do;* and so past on.

Two blades of the times seeing a brisk girl pass by them, says one There goes the prettiest Gentlewoman that ever I saw. She hearing, looked, seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir, I wish I could say so by you.* Faith, says he, *so you may, and tell a Lye as I did.*

A young blade of the Inner-Temple, hearing that his Father was dead, was very much troubled, being ignorant how his father had left his Estate. An old

old acquaintance of his seeing him, said, *Be of good cheer, Tom, if your father has left you a good Estate, you have no cause to be sorry; and if he has left you nothing, who would be sorry for the death of such a Father?*

An old covetous Gentleman died and left his Estate to a very extravagant Son: This spark, as he was riding in his Coach to Tunbridge, he was angry with his coach-man for not driving faster, calling to him, said, *You dog rogue, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my coach, and kick you to the devil. I swear, sir, if you do, I will tell your father how profusely you spent his Estate.*

A good fresh coloured maid coming to Bishop-Stafford Market, and being pretty nimble, leap'd off her horse, but the pommel of the saddle being of the highest, flung up her petticoats, and shewed almost all that Dame Nature had bestowed upon her; which a Gentleman seeing, said, *Fair maid, you have a very clear skin of your own. Sir, said she, if you like it, why did you not come and kiss it, to take your*
Leave

Leave of it, for you will hardly ever see it again.

Two Gentlemen riding between Stanstead and Bishop Stafford, overtook a miller riding very soberly, they being merrily disposed, were resolv'd to affront him; so one rides on one Side, the other on the other side. After they had rode some way with him; So, said one to the miller, I prithee friend resolve me one Question, Whether thou art most Knave or Fool? Truly, says the miller, *I do not know which I am most, but I am sure I am betwixt both.*

One of our late Kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a Gate which he must go through, seeing a Country clown at it, said, Prithee, Fellow, open the gate: The fellow knowing who he was, says, No, and please your Grace, I am not worthy of that office, but I will run and tell Mr. *Holt*, who is a justice of peace two miles off, and he shall come and open it for your grace. So he ran away, and left the King to open the gate himself.

A cause being to be tried before a judge,

judge, one of the witnesses standing up for the defendant, being a plain country fellow in a Leathern Jacket, and the counsel that was for the plaintiff, thought to dash the witness out of countenance, said to him, How now, you fellow in a leather doublet, what are you to have for swearing? *Please your worship,* quoth the Fellow, *if you get no more by Lying, than I do by Swearing, you might go in a leather doublet as well as I.*

A great person in this nation, that one day had done something he repented of at night, when he came home went up stairs, call'd up his man Jack after him, and told him what he had done, and said, Am not I a fool to do as I did? Yes truly, sir, says he, and a very great fool. Your:gue, says his master to him again, though I call myself fool, I do not allow you to call me so; and so kickt the fellow down stairs.

A person being summoned to appear at the sessions for a witness, about a fray that happen'd in *Holborn*, being called to stand up to give in his evidence, the judge said to him, Friend,

how came these two persons to fall out? He said, *My Lord, you are a rogue.* The judge perceiving the people to smile, bid him speak to the Jury, *for there are twelve of them.*

A young woman being newly married, told one of her sworn sisters how she behaved herself on the Wedding Day at night to her husband. Oh, says she, when I was to go to Bed, I had much ado to be asham'd, and I unlaced myself, and laced my self again; I pull'd of my petticoats, and put them on again; and my shoes and stockings I pulled of, and put 'em on again; but at last I pull'd off all. Ah, Gad, I thought it so strange to go to bed with a man; and when I was in bed, I bethought my self how I should lie: I thought if I should lie with my face towards him, he would say I was bold; if I should lie with my A—e to him, he would say I was rude; so I even lay on my back, let come what would.

A pretty ingenious fellow hearing a wench cry kitchen stuff, he asked her what it was? She told him, *That which comes*

comes from the Flesh. Well, says he, call within a day or two, and I will help you to some. In the mean time he gets a pot full of sir-reverence. The woman, as is her manner, thrust her hand into the pot, pulling it out, smelt the abuse, was very angry. Nay, says he be not in such a passion, for it is that which falls from the flesh. Truly, says she, you are in the right on't, and your flesh is very dry, (clapping her hand upon his face) and it wants greasing, and has need of basting too, and being a lusty whore, did baste him sufficiently.

A *Scotch* minister being chaplain to an English regiment of foot-soldiers in Oliver's time, was once a preaching to them, and in the middle of his sermon, he took occasion to say, Good Lord, bless the grand Council above, and grant they may all hang together: Which a country fellow hearing, said, *Yes, Sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people.* O, but beloved, said the Parson, I do not mean as that wicked man means, but I pray they may

may all hang together in *accord* and *concord*. *Yes*, says the fellow, in *any cord*, so it is but a *strong cord*; and so flipp'd away.

A Welchman riding with a charge of money, was set upon by a thief, who bid him deliver his money presently, or he would make that pistol bounce thro' him. Says hur so; well, there is hur master's money, better lose that than hur own life: But, Sir, since hur hath hur money, let hur have a pounce for her money. So the thief, to please the Welchman, let off his pistol. Gud splutter her nails, that was a rare pounce indeed, good Sir, let hur have another pounce: So the Thief let off the other, with which the *Welchman* seem'd to be better pleas'd than before, and ask'd him if he had no more pounces? No, says he, I have no more: *Then hur has one pounce in store for hur, which hur will make pounce thro' hur immediately, if hur deliver not hur money back presently*. So the thief was forced to give the *Welch* fox his money again.

Two gentlemen riding ou the road,
saw

saw a miller just before them ; says one to the other, we'll ride up to the miller and banter him : I will ask him whether he can chop Logic. So he rides up to him ; Miller, says the Gentleman, can you chop Logick ? No, says the miller. Why then I'll teach you ; Your Horse has Eight sides. How can that be ; so he told him. O, says he if that be chopping of Logick, I'll chop with you. Lets hear you, *Why, Sir*, says he, *your saddle is a mule* ; that's impossible, says the Gentleman, *Pray, Sir*, says he, *is not a mule between a horse and an ass* ? Yes, says the Gentleman, *why so is your saddle*.

A woman asking her husband some questions, amongst the rest ask'd him, How many women he had kiss'd since he had been her husband ? Why, truly wife, to be plain with you, if we had as many penny loafes as I have kiss'd women since you have been my wife, we should have as much bread as would last us this seven years. Very well, says his wife. But now, wife, saith he, since I have been so ingenious to tell you, pray be so kind as to tell me

me how many women have kiss'd you since I have been your husband? *Why husband, in short then, if we had as many cheeses as men have kiss'd me since I have been your wife, we should have two cheeses to one loaf.*

A woman having not so much love for her husband as she ought, he happening to come home very drunk, sits down by the fire, and falling asleep, tumbled just into it: The maid seeing her master lying cross the fire, runs in great haste to her mistress, crying, out *O mistress, mistress, my master lies all over the fire.* You saucy whore, says her mistress, shall not your master lie where he pleases for all you; *Hussey,* is not the house and all that is in it his, and shall not he make what use he pleases of his own Things? Therefore pray let him alone, and don't disturb him; if I know you do, I will break your neck down stairs.

A country Parson sent his Man *Jack* to look for his hogs that were missing, his man staying longer than ordinary, he went to see what was become of him, and looking for his
man

Man, met one of his Neighbour's maids, and asked her if she would go with him into such an orchard? Yes, sir, says she, if you please. Come then: so he leads her into an Orchard on the back side of the Town, and sets her down under an Apple-tree, and sits himself down by her: so the parson began to be very amorous with the young Maiden, inso-much that she began to cry out, *O pray sir, O dear sir, what do you mean?* *Nothing*, says the parson, *but only ring the first peal*; which when they had done, the parson begins to tell her some pleasant relations of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panca* his Man, till the parson's courage began to move him the second time; with that she cries out as before, *O pray sir, O dear sir, what do you mean?* *Nothing*, child, *but only ring the second peal*; which when he had done, they fell to their old discourse again, till at last the parson began to be for the other bout, the maid was at her old tune, *O pray sir, O dear sir, what do you mean?* *O sweet-heart only ring all in.* She lifted up

up her eyes, espy'd a boy in the same tree they were under, cries out, O, fir there's a boy has seen all. He look'd up, O *Jack*, how long have you been there? *Ever since you rung the first peal.*

Two neighbours meeting, the one looking melancholy, the other asked him why he was so sad? O, said he, fetching a great Sigh, my wife had a fore mischance last night. What mischance? Why, says he, my poor wife miscarried. O, is that all, said the other, my wife had three mischances the other night, and I never troubled my self about it. How can that be said the other? Why thus, *My wife, having occasion to do that no body could do for her, it being a cold night, she takes an Earthen Chamber Pot into the Bed, and sitting too hard upon it, brake the chamber pot, cut her arse, and besot the bed.*

A gentleman riding through part of *Wales*, seeing some goats upon the mountains, and meeting with a Welchman at the same time, thought to put a trick upon him, asked him what Country-men they were? *Why tru'y, kur thinks them to be Welchmen by their Beards,*

Beards, but bur is sure they be Englishmen by their borns.

A poor boy coming a begging to an inn upon the road, the maid seeing the boy to shake with cold, bid him come to the fire and warm him. In the mean time, a gentleman that was there, order'd the maid to set on some eggs for his supper, which the boy taking notice of, ask'd the maid for some Salt? Why, says he, may be the gentleman will give me an Egg when they are boiled: For which Joke's sake, the Gentleman bid the maid put in two or three Eggs for the Boy: So when the boy was eating his Eggs, the gentleman ask'd him what country lad he was? I am *Yorkshire*, Sir, says the boy. Says the gentleman, *Yorkshire* men are very great horse-stealers. The boy all the while wanting some drink to his eggs, takes up the tankard that was filled for the Gentleman, and says, *Sir, my Father did use to make no more of stealing a horse, than I do to drink up this Tankard of beer*; which he did to the Gentlemans great Satisfaction.

The

The late King Charles and the Duke of Ormond, discoursing of the pretty women of several countries, says the King to the Duke, You have very pretty women in Ireland, but only they have great legs. *O that's nothing, please you my leige, we lay them aside.*

A miller having three sons, was resolv'd they should be of his own Trade, because it was an honest one. Their Names were John, Thomas, and William; so he settled each son in a mill. In a short time after he took his rounds to see them; so coming to his eldest son, John, ask'd him what Trade he drove, and how he thriv'd? O father: says he, I had better been a chimney sweeper than a miller, for I can't live on it. Why, son, how do you go on then? Why father, I take a peck out of a bushel, and it will not do. So he goes to his middlemost son, Thomas: So Thomas, how fares it with you? Your brother John can hardly live of his Trade? Why, father, I make a very pretty Business of it. Why, what measures do you take, son? Why, Father, I

am.

am very honest and just to my Customers; I only take two pecks out of a bushel, because, Father, I must have the pot boil a Sundays. Good Boy, I commend thee. So the old Man at last goes to his youngest Son; son, *William*, what can't make it do Boy? Ay, father, bravely. Why, son, what measures do you take? Why, father, I am your own son, I observe your old rule, that is, *To do no right, nor take no wrong, keep all I can get, and part from nothing, for I keep all, and forswear the Sacks.*

A Gentleman going to a Cook's shop, calling for six pennyworth of roast beef; but the Cook being very busy with some other customers, forgot the gentleman; but at last seeing of the gentleman have no meat before him, ask'd him what he call'd for? He said, Now I have lost my stomach, and my belly is full with the scent of it, therefore, good bye to you. Pray stay and pay me for it; there's no reason but I should have satisfaction. Why then, friend, says the Gentleman to the cook, we will be judged by

by the next man that comes by. Done says the cook. So it happened that a very foolish fellow was the next that came, so in short they told this fellow the business: He calls for two pewter-dishes, and desires the Gentleman to give him six-pence, so the gentleman did; he puts the Six-pence between the two dishes, and rattles the Six-pence, and asks the cook whether he was satisfied that he heard it? Yes, says the cook, I am. Well, says the fellow to the gentleman, *There is your six-pence; so Mr. Cook you are satisfied with bearing the money rattle, as well as the gentleman was with the scent of the meat.*

A Welchman happened in a Fray to break a man's head, for which he was obliged to pay to the Man ten groats, which was all the money he had; yet the Welchman went to a cook's shop, and called for meat and drink, and after he had done, calls to see what he had to pay? The Cook told him Twenty Pence to pay; Twenty Pence, says the Welchman? Yes, says the Cook. Pray honest Cook tell hur, suppose a Man breaks
ano-

another's head, what must hur give to make him satisfaction? Why says the cook, Ten groats. Pray Sir, says he, *do hur the favour as to break hur head, for hur bath never a penny of Money to pay the reckoning with, and give hur twenty pence again.*

An Exciseman riding thro' some plough'd lands, seeing a Man a Sowing ask'd him what it was. It is Barley. O then, says the Excise-man, you are at work for me. No, that's your mistake, I am at work for my self; but my man is at work for you: Why, what is he a doing? *Why truly, he is a sowing hemp seed.*

Ben Johnson one of our late poets, owing a vintner some money, refrain'd his house, the vintner meeting him by chance, ask'd him for his Money; and also told him, if he would come to his house, and answer him four Questions, he would forgive him his debt. Ben Johnson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, so he calls for the bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great Rate. Says the vint-

vintner: This is not our business; Mr. Johnson, answer my four questions, or else you must pay me my money or go to jail, that's in short, and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him. Pray, says Ben, propose your four Questions. Then says the vintner, you must tell me, 1st, *what best pleases God?* 2dly, *what best pleases the Devil?* 3dly, *what best pleases the world?* And lastly, *what best pleases me?* Well, says Ben,

God is best pleas'd when man forsakes his sin;

The devil's best pleas'd when man continues therein:

The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good wine;

And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.

The vintner was well pleased, and gave Mr. Johnson a receipt in full for his debt, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

A soldier that lately came from *Flanders*, went to a tobacconist to buy two ounces of tobacco. So, sir, says he, do you take Spanish three-pences? Yes, friend, says the tobacconist, if they will go. Nay, says the soldier, if it will not go, I'll change it. Very well

well, very well, says the Tobacconist. With that the soldier put his finger and thumb into his neck, and pulls out a thundering louse, and lays it down upon the counter: So the tobacconist takes out his spectacles to see what the soldier had laid down; so while he was peeping on it, says the soldier, *what won't it go?* If it won't I'll change it, and give you another. Ah, says he, it will go very well, but pray let me have no more of your *Spanish* three pences.

Some Gentlemen boasting of their Gentility, one person of the Company willing to be a Gentlemen with the rest, was at a loss for a coat of arms. One of them being a wag, said, he would find him one, which was this; *Two posts rampant, one couchant, a rope pendant, and a rogue at the end on't.*

Two gentlemen going to *Dunstable*, met a company of *Gipsies*, and a little while after a couple of parsons. Says one of the Gentlemen to the other, by and by I will put a jest upon the Parsons: So when he came up to them; says he to the Parson's, *Have a care that*
the

the Egyptians do not overcome the Israelites. Sir, says one of the parsons, I know not what you mean. I'll excuse you, *says he*, seeing you came so lately from Dunstable.

A lawyer and his man, riding on the road, his man desired to know what was the chiefest Point of the Law? His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night he'd tell him. Sir, I will. Why then, Good sufficient witnesses are the chiefest point in the law. So when they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, says his Master, you must pay it according to Agreement. O, Sir, says he, *where's your witness.*

An apothecary said, that *All Bitter things are Hot*: Says another, What d'ye think of bitter cold Weather.

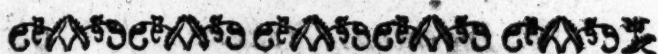
The Great *Erasmus* coming into England, had heard of the Wit and Learning of Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor; who likewise had heard that he was a facetious Man: *Erasmus* coming to Sir Thomas More's Door,

Door, and having met with Sir Thomas, he desired him to walk in; to which having agreed, amongst other Discourse, they were in Debate concerning the real presence in the sacrament; which when Erasmus would by no means believe, says Sir Thomas, *Crede quod edis, & edis. Believe that you eat it, and you really eat it.* Some time after Erasmus being to go for Holland, desir'd Sir Thomas More to lend him a horse as far as Harwich; Sir Thomas lends him a palfrey, and a Man to attend him: But at Harwich, Erasmus, ships off the horse, and writ the following lines to Sir Thomas More.

Nonne meministi,
Quod mihi dixisti
De corpore Christi
Crede quod edis, & edis;
Idem tibi Scribo
De tuo Palfrido
Crede quid habes, & habes.

Don't you remember what you said to me concerning the Body of Christ, *Believe you eat it, and you eat it.*

And I say to you concerning your Horse. *Believe you have it, and you have it.* E A



A Choice Collection of the Newest Songs, sung at Court and both Theatres.

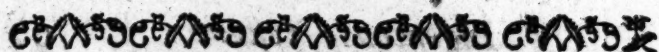
SONG I. *The lass of the Hill.*

AT the brow of a hill,
A fair shepherdes dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambition,
Or love ne're had felt,
A few sober maxims
Still run in her head,
That 'twas best for to earn
E'er she eat her own bread :
That to rise with the lark
Was conducive to health,
And to folks in a cottage,
Contentment was wealth.
Young Roger who liv'd
In the valley below,
Who at church and at market
Was reckon'd a beau,
Would often times try
O'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitch fork,
To tell her his tale,
Till with ease his addreses,
Soon gain'd on her heart,

Being

A collection of new songs. 95

Being artless herself,
She suspected no art.
He flatter'd protested,
He kneel'd and implor'd,
And his lies still with oaths,
He would grace like a lord,
Her eyes he commended,
With language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on the tortures,
He felt in his breast,
With sighs and with tears,
He so soften'd her mind,
That in down right compassion,
To love she inclin'd.
But no sooner he'd melted,
The ice in her breast,
The heat of his passion,
That moment decreas'd,
And now he goes flaunting,
All over the vale,
And boasts of his conquest,
To Richard and Hal,
Though he sees her but seldom,
He's always in haste,
And when e'er he speaks of her,
He makes her his jest.
Take heed ye young virgins
Of Briton's fair isle,
How ye venture your hearts,
For a look of a smile,
For young cupid is artful,
And virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger,
In every vale;
Who to court you and tempt you
Will try all his skill



A Choice Collection of the Newest Songs, sung at Court and both Theatres.

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96 *A collection of new songs.*

But remember the las,
At the brow of the hill.

SONG II. *The forsaken nymph.*

Guardian angels now protect me,
Send to me the swain I love,
Cupid with his bow direct me,
Help me all ye pow'rs above;
Bear him my sighs ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I despair,
Tell him for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live,
O may the shepherd prove sincere.

Thro' the shady grove I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night,
Near the brink of yonder's fountain
First Leander blest'd my fight;
Witness ye groves and falls of water,
Ecchoes repeat the vows he swore;
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more!

Does he love and yet forsake me,
To admire a nymph more fair;
If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair;
Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life pursue,
The lark and Philomel,
Only shall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

SONG III.

CAN love be controul'd by advice
Can madness with reason agree?
O Molly who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee?
Let fages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste;
Let me seize old time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last.
Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy,
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;
Too late may repent being coy:
Then Molly, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold,
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

The ANSWER.

IF love hears no wholesome advice,
Nor will with just reason agree;
Oh Collin! I'll try to be wise,
And live without loving of thee;
Let's shun, tho' we cannot despise
The joys we with danger must taste;
For who can seize time as he flies;
Or one blessing in life that will last.
True wisdom will sooth all our cares,
And point out the right way to joy;
Next, teach me to smile on grey hairs,
And pleasure in having been coy.
Then Collin, since youth will not stay,
But our best blood must shortly run cold;
Let us not commit follies to day,
We're sure to repent when grown old.

98 *A collection of new songs.*

SONG IV. *The Rosy Wine.*

THe wanton god who pierces hearts
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine
Who baths the wound with rosy wine.
Rosy wine, rosy wine
Who baths the wound with rosy wine.
Farewell, farewell lovers when they're cloy'd
If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free,
To rid me of dull company, &c.
They have charms while mine can please
I love them much but more my ease,
No jealous thoughts shall me molest,
No faithless spouse shall break my rest, &c.
Why, why, should they e'er give me pain
Who to give joy would me disdain,
All I ask of mortal man
Is to love me while he can. &c.

SONG V. *Fickle Jenny.*

AH! my fickle Jenny,
While there was not any
In all the north had power to win you,
But Jockey only to his arms;
There's ne'er a lad in all the nation,
Was in so happy a station,
As Jockey when in possession,
Of Jenny in her early charms.
Had you still address'd me,
As you did carress me,
No other lad had e'er possess'd me
But thine alone I now had been:
Had none else been in vogue wi'ye,
Had you let none else collogue wi'ye.
Nor rambld after Catherine Ogie,
I'd sped as well as any queen.

Moggy of Dumfarling
Is now my only darling,
Who sings as sweet as any sterling
And dances with a bonny air,
Moggy is so kind and tender,
If fate was ready now to end her,
Could I but from the stroke defend her,
I'd die but I would Moggy spare,
Sawney me so teases,
Whose bagpipes me so pleases,
That my poor heart it ne'er at ease is
But when we are together both :
I so heartily befriend him,
If fate was ready now to end him,
Could I but from the stroke defend him
A thousand times I'd suffer death.
Come let's leave this fooling,
My heart ne'er was cooling,
None but Jenny there was ruling,
But thus our hearts we fondly try ;
To thy arms if thou restore me,
Should all the lords in the land adore me,
Nay our great king himself send for me,
With thee alone I'd live and die.

S O N G VI. *Orpheus and Euridice.*

When Orpheus went down
To the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see
He tun'd up his lyre as old histories show
To set his Euridice free, &c.
All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far but how vast their surprize
When they heard that he came for his wife.
How vast their surprize, &c.

100 *A collection of new songs.*

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto he puzzled his brain;
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
 So he gave him his wife back again, &c.
 But pitty succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
 And pleas'd with playing so well
 He took her again in reward of his art,
 Such power had music in hell, &c.

SONG VII. *Orpheus and Euridice
 answered.*

WHen Orpheus went down to the regions
 below,
 To bring back the wife that he lov'd,
 Old Pluto confounded as histories shew
 To find that his musick so mov'd.
 To find, &c.
 That a woman so good, so virtuous and fair;
 Should be by a man so trepan'd;
 To give up her freedom for sorrow and care,
 He cried she deserv'd to be damn'd.
 ——— For sorrow and care,
 He cried she deserv'd to be damn'd.
 For punishment he ne'er studied a whit,
 The torments of hell had no pain,
 To curse her sufficient old Pluto thought fit
 Her husband should have her again.
 Her husband, &c.
 But soon he compassion'd the woman's hard fate,
 And knowing of mankind so well,
 He recall'd her again before 'twas too late,
 And said she'd be happier in hell.
 ——— Before 'twas too late,
 And said she'd be happier in hell.

SONG

S O N G VIII.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart!
Ah why! cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone,
Was so much sweetness made for one!

But growing bolder in her ear,
I in soft numbers told my care,
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's too mighty to express,
My joys could be but known by guess:
Ah fool! said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long I had not been in view
Before her eyes their beams withdrew,
E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

S O N G IX.

IN vain dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I inconstant have possess'd,
Or lov'd a fairer she:
Would you with ease at once be cur'd
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass and see.

102 *A collection of new songs.*

If then you think, that I can find
A nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've reason for your fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty, and my love,
How needless are your fears ;

If in my way, I should, by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton glance,
I like but while I view :
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
Which I receive from you ?

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free,
And where each blossom blows,
Extracts the juice from all he meets,
But for his quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,
In each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph do roam,
Perhaps see fifty in a day ;
They're all but visits which I pay,
For Chloe's still my home.

S O N G X.

Cupid god of pleasing anguish,
Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
Teach him fierce desires to know :
Heroes would be lost in story,
Did not love inspire their glory,
Did not love inspire their glory ;
Love does all that's great below,
Love does all that's great below.

S O N G

S O N G XI. *Birth of Harlequin.*

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up :
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away,
Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hasten quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore ;
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one,
Will appear, &c.

S O N G XIII. *Charles of Sweden.*

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure,
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl;
That every true and loyal soul
May drink and sing, without controul,
To support our pleasure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be,
Guardian to our pleasure ;
That under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure.
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises that we may
Live and lie with pleasure.

SONG XIII. *The early horn.*

With early horn, salutes the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries, bids eccho rise,
And joins the jovial chase.

The vocal hills around.

The waving woods,

The chrystal floods,

All, all return th'enlivening sound.

The tim'rous hare, starts out for fear,

And scours it o'er the plain;

The dogs full cry, after her fly,

And turn her back again.

O'er hills and dales, o'er plains and vales

With speed we take our way:

The horn and hound, so sweetly sound,

We have no power to stay,

Our spbrts when done, we home return

In mirth to drink and eat:

The sparkling glass, and sprightly lass,

Both make our joys compleat.

SONG XIV.

WINE's a mistress gay and easy,

Ever free to give delight;

Let what may perplex and teaze ye,

'Tis the bottle sets all right.

Who would leave a lasting treasure,

To embrace a childish pleasure,

Which soon as tasted takes it flight?

Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,

Rouze your hearts, e'er 'tis too late;

Fill the goblet, never spare it,

That's your armour 'gainst all fate.

SONG

S O N G X V.

W H E N mighty roast beef was the English-
man's food,

It ennobled our veins, and enriched
our blood,

Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
Oh the roast beef of Old England, (good,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

But since we have learnt from all conquering
To eat their ragous as well as to dance (France;
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance,
Oh the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, & strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day
(long

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this
Oh the roast beef, &c. (song

But now we are dwindled to what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame,
Oh the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
E'er coffee or tea or such slip-flops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown,
Oh the roast beef, &c.

In those days if their fleets did presume on the
They seldom or never return'd back again, (main
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

Oh the roast beef, &c.

Oh then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking to do them-
selves right,

But now we're a — I could, but good night,
Oh the roast beef of Old England, &c.

S O N G

SONG XVI.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we,
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms ?
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
 Vile reptile, weak and vain :
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
 E'er since our granddame's evil ;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves, we bookworms name
 The blockhead is a slow worm ;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a glow worm.

The fops are painted butterflies;
 That flutter for a day,
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows ;
 Some worms suit all conditions :
 Misers are muck-worms ; silk worms, beaux ;
 And death watches physicians.

The statesmen have the worm, is seen
 By all their winding play ;
 Their conscience is a worm-within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah ! Moore, thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could make the courtier void,
 The worm that never dies,

Oh learned friend of Abchurch lane,
Who set'th our entrails free :
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall e'en eat thee.
Our fate thou only can't adjourn,
Some few short years no more :
E'en *Button's* wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

S O N G XVII.

JOLLY mortals fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine :
Scorn the nymph and all her graces ;
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?
Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than Chloe when just going,
In the moment to be kind.
Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at council board ;
He subdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

S O N G XVII.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare ;
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget ;
Come let's fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt. When

108 *A collection of new songs.*

When grim Death comes looking for us,
 We are toying of our bowls;
 Bacchus joining in a Chorus,
Death, begon, here's none but souls.
 God like Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly;
 Ever after understanding,
 Drinking souls can never die.

S O N G XVIII.

DO not ask me charming Phillis,
 Why I leave you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty,
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring;
 'Tis to——but I know my duty,
 And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis at worst, but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be?
 Ev'ry moment gentle flying,
 Smiles, and says, make use of me.

What the sun does to those roses,
 While the beams play gently in,
 I would——but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own;
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
 Might I speak what I would do;
 I would with my lovely Phillis,
 I would, I would,——ah! would not you?

S O N G G.

SONG XIX.

IN Kept so fam'd of old
Near by the pleasant Knold,
A swain a goddess told
An am'rous story ;
Saying, in these jarring days,
When kings contend for bays,
Your love my soul does raise
Above its glory.
My life, my lovely dear,
Whilst you are smiling here,
The plants and flow'rs appear
Most sweetly charming.
The sun may cease to shine,
And all its powers resign,
Your eyes dart rays divine,
All nature warming.
Then leaning on her breast,
He clasp'd her lovely waist,
With words endearing prest,
No thought of harming ;
At which the blushing maid,
Thus, sighing to him said,
My foolish heart's betray'd
By words so charming.
Near by there was a grove,
A proper place for love,
To which these couple move,
A like desiring ;
She fell into his arms,
And said, take all my charms,
Love beats its last alarms ;
I'm just expiring.

SONG.

SONG XX.

O Say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the fight ;
O tell your poor blind boy.
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright,
I feel it warm ; but how can I
Then make it day or night ;
My day or night my self I make,
When'er I wake or play ;
And cou'd I ever keep awake,
It would be always day.
With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know.
Then let not what I cannot have,
My chear of mind destroy,
Whilst thus I sing I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy.

SONG XXI. *Bumpers, 'Squire Jones.*

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret
Attend to the call good store,
Of one who's ne'er frightened, but greatly de-
With six bottles more, (lighted,
Besure you dont pass, the good house money-glass
Which the jolly red god so peculiar owns,
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what wou'd you more,
'Than mirth, with good claret and bumpers
'Squire Jones.

Ye

A collection of new songs.

III

Ye lovers that pine,
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine,
For lillies and roses, with eyes, lips and noses,
Or tip of an ear.
Come hither I'll show you, how Phillis and Cloe,
No more will occasion such sighs and such groans,
For what mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, &c.
Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Tho' all you get by't
Is a dinner oft times, in reward of your rhymes,
With Humphrey the Duke,
Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
For sake all the muses, those senseless old crones,
Our jingling of glasses, your rhyming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, &c.
Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' not of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders, who serv'd us in Flan-
And eke at the Boyne, (ders
Come leave of your rattling of sieging and battling,
And know you'd better to sleep in whole bones,
Were you sent to Gibralter, your note would
And wish for good claret, &c. (soon alter,
Ye clergy so wise,
Who misteries profound can demonstrate clear,
How worthy to rise,
You preach once a week, but your tythes never
Above once in a year, (seek
Come here without failing, and leave off your
railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine, what is life without wine,
Then away with the claret, &c. Ye

112 *A collection of new songs.*

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learendly plead,
 How worthy of trust,
 You know blaek from white, yet prefer wrong
 As you're chanced to be feed, (to right,
 Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's courts
 Where dulness and discord have set up their throne,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventriss, with all their dam'nd
 And away with the claret, &c. (entries
 Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and
 When'er ye prescribe, (grimace,
 Have at your devotion, pills, bolus or potion,
 Be what will the case, (bleed,
 Pray where is the need, to purge, blister, and
 When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen, are not so prevail-
 As mirth and good claret, &c. (ing,
 Ye fox-hunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake, to beat up the break,
 Where the vermin is found, (Truman,
 Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Dutcheffs and
 No music is heard in such dissonant tones ;
 Wou'd you ravish your ears,
 With the sound of the spheres ?
 Hark away to the claret, and bumpers Esq; Jones

S O N G XXI.

NOW the good man's from home,
 I'll cast away care ;
 And with some brisk fellow
 Steal out to the fair ;
 Though some are too bashful,
 And others too bold,
 Yet womans intention's
 Are not to be told.

But

A collection of new songs. 113

But if I should meet
With a spark to my mind,
One fit to be trusted,
I then may prove kind :
With him I would ramble
The fair all around ;
I'd eat and I'd drink
Of the best could be found.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And Hippisley and Hall,
And Bullock and Lee,
And the Devil and all :
I'll have the best place,
And I'll see ev'ry fight,
And wanton in pleasure
From morning till night.

Oh ! there I shall see
All the gentlemen rakes,
And hear the sweet cry
Of beer, ale, wine and cakes ;
Whilst I in blue apron
And clean linen gown,
Draw all the fine sparks
From the flirts of the town.

S O N G XXIII.

FILL, fill all the glasses, fill them high,
Drink, and desie all pow'r but love,
Wine gives the slave his liberty,
But love makes a slave of thund'ring Jove,
Drink away, make a night of the day.
'Tis nectar 'tis liquor divine ;
The pleasures of life, free from anguish and strife,
Are owing to love and good wine.

S O N G

S O N G XXIV.

She. **G**O, go, you vile sot,
Quit your pipe and your pot,
Get home to your stall and be doing :
You puzzle your pate,
With whimsies of state,
And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill note,
Or I'll ram down your throat
This red-hot black pipe I am smoaking ;
Thou plague of my life !
Thou gipfy ! thou wife !
How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking ?

She. You riot and roar
For Babylon's whore,
And give up your bible and psalter ;
I prithee, dear Kit,
Have a little more wit,
And keep thy neck out of the halter.

He. Nay, prithee, sweet Joan,
Now let me alone
To follow this princely vocation ;
I mean to be great,
In spite of my fate,
And settle myself and the nation.

She. Go, go, you vile sot,

He. I matter thee not.

She. Was ever poor woman so slighted ?

He. Thy fortune is made !

She. Go, follow your trade.

He. I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

She.

A collection of new songs. 115

She. A whipping post knight !

He. Get out of my fight !

She. Thou traytor, thou ! mark thy sad ending.

He. I'll new vamp the state,

The church I'll translate ;

Old shoes are no more worth the mending.

S O N G XXV.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post.

*Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here :
For who can know where we shall go
To be merry another year ?*

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glais in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse ;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
And me put in his stead :
Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G

S O N G XXVI.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine;
 It is not fit the wretch should be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world ye pow'rs divine,
 Stock it with nothing else but wine;
 Let wine it's only product be,
 Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
 And let that wine be all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states or empires swim or sink,
 My soul's ambition is to drink.

S O N G XXVII. *The Twaytcher.*

HE that has the best wife,
 She's the plague of his life;
 But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
 Let him cut her off short
 Of her meat and her sport,
 And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
 And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

F I N I S.